

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 6—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1807.

211.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"I thank the abbess—yes I heard her; I heard all her pious arguments and counsels,—but could her voice awake the dead? could it assuage the bitterness of rising apprehension? No, no! and my heart, though consecrated, as she said, unto God, I felt was tossed upon the whirlwinds of the world,—for a fearful confusion of thoughts was raging in it, and I could neither separate nor connect them, and a little reason to them to one reasonable conclusion,—but wildly, as they rose upon imagination, I gave them frantic utterance.

"Why," I cried, "did my father look with such a look?—My brother, and—did he kill him?—Why were Annette's cheeks so bloodless?—and why did her white lips move and utter nothing?—Dear, dear Lady Abbess,—holy Mother! have you!—are you!—What did she mean—what did she mean?—Ah! you look nearly as white as poor Annette!—What, what did she mean?"

"My poor, poor daughter! the Holy Virgin help you!"

"Aye, good Mother, I need her help, and need every body's help!—Euphema needs every body's help!"

"Here," continued the hapless Euphema, "a space of many months elapsed, for a mental derangement succeeded, and on my recovery, the first ray of peace that dawned on my poor benighted spirit, my darkened and melancholy mind, was your friendship—Your look had peace—your tongue had comfort;—you have watched my wanderings—you have pitied my weaknesses—you are all I have.—Annette I can no more see,—they tell me she has quitted France.—My father rejects my supplications, he will not even write to me.—My brother is married and never thinks on the undone Euphema!"

"Yet even now, my Constance, yes, I will whisper it to you,—you will not betray me, you will pity me, I now would die to, but for one moment,—aye, such is my aching horror, my ceaseless anguish, my eternal regret, that for one moment's breath beyond these walls,—yes, I would purchase one moment's freedom with my life, and welcome a grave for this detested prison,—for hear—and I am not mad—no, indeed I am not mad—hear then—"

"Here the poor nun whispered something, but in a voice so low and inarticulate, that nothing was distinguishable, until, as a certain fire re-sparked in her dim eyes, and imparted unusual animation to her look and tones, she cried—"Yes, for that, to know,—to be assured, to be very sure of that I would—I would die."

"The low matin bell was sounding slowly through the cloisters of St. Clare, as poor Eu-

phema so incoherently concluded her melancholy narrative.—Her liberality to the convent where she professed, as she observed, often exempted her from the attendance and penance imposed on the rest; but as Constance voluntarily, though only a pensioner in the house, made it a point to regularly attend all the rituals of devotion, she was preparing to obey the summons of the bell when an elderly loquacious nun made her appearance, to enquire, as was the custom, after the health of sister Euphema.

"The wild agitation of her spirits was now beginning to subside, and her mind returning to its usual saddened stillness, yet, on the entrance of sister Ursula, she demanded with eagerness, who had caused such a commotion in the convent about the midnight hour?"

"The holy Virgin best can tell that," replied Ursula, "but our abbess, bless her charitable soul! has given orders that they should be entertained,—and, as she says, who knows but a second miracle may be worked."

"A second miracle be worked!" repeated Constance.

"Aye," returned Ursula, "don't you know that our convent is founded on miracles,—and supported by miracles too?"

"You are certainly running wild this morning, sister Ursula, what do you mean?"

"Holy Mary!—what do I mean?—Why two—I have no doubt of their being angels myself, if not St. Clare herself come back.—Two strange gentlemen were let in last night,—God bless the charity of our order! who could have denied them if they had but been seen, for they are both so handsome, and though one is very sick, so sweet tempered withal, that it does a poor nun's heart good only to look upon them."

"Constance gazed upon her with consternation, and was really admitting some doubts as to the soundness of her intellects as she reiterated,—“What do you mean by miracles, and angels, and handsome strangers?"

"Why there is not a cell, and hardly a stone in the whole convent that cannot tell you the story."

"The cells and the stones then are dumb, or else I am very deaf," replied Constance, "for I have never heard it yet."

"Blessed St. Clare!" cried Ursula, crossing herself, very devoutly, "never heard of your goodness to us!"

"But I am most anxious to hear of it now," resumed Constance; "for reckoning myself one of you, if she is in a charitable humour on this visit, why I may chance to share her blessings in common with the rest."

"I delight in obliging you," said the complying Ursula; but then she did not add, "But I delight more in relating the miracles of St. Clare—and delight much more than that again in bearing myself speak."—And how you shall hear the wonders done for us by the blessed St. Clare.—But first look here," leading Constance across Euphema's cell, to a rough hewn image of the Saint, which stood in a remote niche;—"Now read, this is the motto of our house, and the badge of our profession—the glory of our order, and the delight of our hearts—and has

been our business in the convent this night."

"Constance now perceived some words inscribed on the stone, whose base supported the sinking figure of the house's Saint; but so worn by wasting damp, and defaced by the hand of destroying time, that with difficulty she could connect the letters into words, and the words into the following sentence, taken from Scripture:—

"To entertain strangers forget not, for thereby have some entertained angels."

"I could have told you at once," said Ursula, who had hitherto been held silent, by Constance resolving to decypher the inscription herself. "That I could, for it is always in my heart, always on the tip of my tongue; and if ever it should escape—"

"Should escape!" replied Constance, "why nothing could stay there, Ursula, the hundredth part of a second."

"Well then it is still in my heart," resumed the poor nun, not adverting to why Constance smiled, "St. Clare herself knows how readily I would admit such strangers as we have with us now, every day in the year, let provisions be cunning ever so low, or lay sisters ever so lazy.—Why look, here it is again," pulling something from the recesses of her bosom, "Here, written on her own blessed blade-bone:—

"To entertain strangers forget not, for thereby have some entertained angels," said she, reading; "No, that I never will, meagre day, or mass, welcome shall strangers ever be to Ursula."

"But the story, Ursula,—what is become of the story all this time?—I am very impatient to know the origin of this inscription, or rather, why it became so precious to the votaries of St. Clare?"

"Why then, it is many centuries ago to be sure," she began, "since the blessed lady was on earth herself; and going on a pilgrimage she grew tired at times, though a saint, and also when the nights drew in, was glad enough to lay her body down, and even take a sleep.—Now it so happened, indeed it is quite true; that wherever she rested, next morning there would appear a huge stone, denoting that it was her saintly pleasure, that on that very spot a convent should be built, dedicated to her, and called by her name. Many were sacrilegious enough to raise these stones for other purposes; but they generally paid dear for it, either by losing the use of their arms, or the sight of their eyes. Others again, with equal profaneness, disregarded these stones altogether; and only a few were wise and happy enough to obey her commands and erect the holy structures according to her pleasure.

"Among the blessed number was this our holy convent; but for a tedious length of time it continued to be a poor lowly neglected dwelling, without endowments, and without either friend or patron to rescue it from oblivion. It indeed afforded shelter to a few mendicant sisters who took refuge under its roof from the storms and temptations of a cruel world, and having ranked themselves into a little contented sisterhood, under the direction of a superior, without either murmur or complaint they looked forward to their holy saint for protection, and patiently awaited

the hour when it would be her pleasure to vouchsafe a blessing; and though they often found the assailing of poverty and the temptations of satan very severe, yet these holy sisters never would waver in their faith, still saying, if they deserved remembrance their saint would not forget them.

"Now it came to pass, one very tempestuous night, when the wind was blowing shrill and piercing through the breaks of the tottering walls, that these poor sisters, with the good mother at their head, were gliding slowly along the dark naked passages towards the convent chapel, to celebrate midnight mass,—yes, it was the eve of all-hallows, and they were all devoutly chanting, when an hollow groan made them all start,—another made them shrink,—but the third, no wonder, made them all fly about like mad;—for it was not only at the witching hour that these groans were heard, but of all the nights among the three hundred and sixty-five, this was the very night that satan and his impare let loose upon the earth to do mischief.—However, the superior having the most courage, again assembled the quaking nuns, when sinking humbly on their knees, with one accord they supplicated their holy saint's deliverance from the dangers and devils that might be near them.

"Dear and blessed St. Clare, pray for us and preserve us!"

"For the dear and blessed sake of St. Clare preserve me!" echoed a voice without the walls, "preserve me!"

"No evil can approach us under the sanction of that name," said the holy mother, rising from her knees; "quick, daughter Martha, unclosethe gates and give the benighted entrance."

"Every holy thing forbid it," cried the portress, receding from her office, "take strangers in when we have nothing for ourselves!—Be-think yourself, do, holy mother, how we begged from sun rising till sun setting and did not even get as many crumbs, I dare say, as Lazarus got from the great man's table; why, we have nothing to give the benighted folks here, even were they let in."

"We have shelter from the storm, and we have prayers, thou hard of heart!" cried the superior, more indignant than her meek bosom ever felt before, "therefore the less fortunate than ourselves shall have both, for whoever comes in a blessed name I will in no ways cast out; even a drop of water given here, for the sake of him who came poor and unknown among sinners, may procure a drop of mercy to ourselves, hereafter, among angels.—Open the gates."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANECDOTE.

Doctor Morse, of Elizabeth-town, had several winter mornings discovered that much of his wood had disappeared during the night. He therefore set up one night to watch, to detect the marauder. About midnight he saw one of his neighbors come to his pile, shoulder a large log, and bear it off. The Doctor immediately followed him at a distance. The neighbor arrived at his own door and threw down his log—when the Doctor also threw down his load on the top of it, exclaiming—"There, d—n you, there's small wood to burn with your dog."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mrs. HARRISON,

By inserting in your 'WEEKLY MUSEUM' the following elegant Lines, the production of a Young Lady, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

SWEET GROT! how oft by contemplation led,
If time admitted, I'd your haunts enjoy;
O'er your moss seats what soothing tears I'd shed,
While worldly thoughts should not my peace annoy.

For oh! what pleasing transports fill the mind,
What pious hopes ascend to Nature's God,
When sweet retirement from all mankind,
Attunes the soul to Virtue's gentle rod.

Fain would my heart, Religion's promise blend,
With tempting Charity's endearing strain;
Fain would my eye a tear drop for a friend,
In gently soothing pity for each pain.

Yet how can I benevolence bestow!
For Poverty has mark'd my pensive way—
Chill penury forbids my tears to flow
For others' pain, but tempts my present lay.

Yet still to Heaven ascend my fervent prayers,
In heartfelt thanks for blessings I receive,
For health, for friends, their sympathising cares,
For all the hopes our Saviour's mercies give.

S. M. E.

Jamaica, L. I. March 21.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO RELIGION:

O! blest Religion! o'er my spirit shed
Thy influence, let piety controul
The wild emotions of my impassion'd soul,
And lead my steps thy holy paths to tread.

Thou only friend, thou refuge to despair,
Thou gentle balm to every bleeding wound,
In my fond breast O! be forever found,
Thou guardian spirit, constant hover near.

Temptation leave me! no more hast thou power
To lead the heart—it quick resists thy lure.
It labors now to wash its dark stains pure,
And mild Religion sheds its genial show'r.

Led thus by hope, Faith my companion be,
I adore the Power who died to set us free.

S. M. E.

Jamaica, L. I. March 21.

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow;
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wide along the western shore;
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;
If you have seen all this, and more;
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

CHRIST'S DYING EXCLAMATION.—'I Thirst.'

'I THIRST,' the Prince of Heaven expiring cries;
'I thirst'—and lifts his agonizing eyes!
O drink, my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Though the sad cup embitter'd, tastes with gall;
Yet drink, my spouse—to Heaven's high will resign'd,
And be the health—Salvation to mankind!

From Kotzebue's Travels in Italy.

A SCENE OF HORROR AT NAPLES.

As I was one morning passing through a populous street, I perceived a crowd of people assembled before the stall of a shoemaker, and a woman lying on the ground. It being a custom with me to neglect no opportunity of watching the people, I pushed through towards the place: where lay a woman dying. At the same time I heard from the lips of many bystanders the words (which chilled my blood), *She is dying of hunger*. The sight of the suffering creature confirmed this but too powerfully. She was scarcely covered with rags, and appeared a miserable skeleton of about thirty or forty. She lay on the pavements close by the shoemaker's stall; and by her side stood a broken straw bottom chair which had been pushed towards her. That she was in the agonies of death was evident. No one passed without standing a moment to survey the hideous spectacle; but all went on again as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, without attempting to assist her. I had pushed through the crowd, till I was the nearest to her. With my purse in my hand, I prayed for God's sake, I called on the holy Virgin, that some one would have mercy on her; but in vain! In the open stall where a master and two journey-men: I offered them all I had by me if they would take the woman in, and lay her on a bed; but to no purpose. One of the men actually laughed; probably at my bad Italian, it is some consolation to me to think that the dying person understood my motions, if not my words; for her look rested on me, and I was the last object on which her closing eye was fixed. Upon that, she immediately died!

I was still not disposed to believe it; I retained the hope of being able to save her, and therefore continued to keep my post near her; but a person, probably a physician, passing by, took hold of her hand, and feeling her pulse, pronounced with great composure, '*She is dead*,' and went on. I also now stepped back to a little distance, but did not leave the street, that I might witness the end of this scene. The corpse lay a quarter of an hour in the street, stared at by thousands; till at length some sbirri came and dragged it away. Yes: I now deprecate this horrid incident before all Europe. I say aloud, On the 4th of December 1804, at ten in the morning, a human being perished in the street of Giacomo, one of the most populous streets in the city of Naples—N. B. The King went to the chase to-day; when I saw twenty or thirty dogs passing, and all in excellent condition.

MATERNAL AFFECTION;

FROM,

ANECDOTES OF THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF

WOMEN.

During THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A mother was on the road to Nantes with her son, whom she had just taken from a military hospital, where he had suffered a long illness, the consequence of wounds he had received in various actions against the rebels of La Vendée. The extreme feebleness of her son did not permit her to expect much aid from him, in case of her little escort being attacked by the lawgents, which she had reason to expect almost every instant. She relied chiefly on the courage

of a faithful domestic, and the consciousness of her own energy; for she was resolved to defend her son's life in every extremity. She already began to falcitate herself as having past the most dangerous parts of her journey, on her approach to certain posts of the republican army, within which she would proceed with safety; when on coming out of a wood she heard several musket shots, and perceived that the balls were flying round her carriage. Her first intention was to seize pistols, with which she was prepared; but the carriage was already surrounded by several men on horseback, one of whom, with some civility requested her to alight. "I cannot alight," she answered, "I have beside me a young man who is dying, and who is committed to my care, and I beseech you to respect his situation, and to forbear to disturb his repose."

"Most willingly," replied the chief of the party, "on condition that you tell us who the young man is."

"My own son."

Unhappily the mother pronounced these last words with a tone so tremulous, and an air of such embarrassment, that the suspicions of the rebels were excited, and their chief instantly ordered her to quit the carriage on pain of being shot together with the young man for whose safety she was so anxious.

The menace restored this generous woman to all her courage. She covered her son with her body, and calmly counted the number of the enemy.

"They are but nine," she cried to her faithful domestic, who was in the carriage with her. "Let us defend ourselves."

While she said this, she began a combat too unequal to promise her any success. Her steady hand laid two men in the dust; but almost instantly her faithful domestic was killed by her side, the horses and the postillion were shot, and in another moment her son dangerously wounded on the head.

The mother now furious while she saw her son bleeding, seized on his sabre which was beside him, and with a cry of despair threw herself among the assailants. She was surrounded by the rebels, disarmed, and tied to a tree. The party then tore the son from the carriage, dragged him to a spot near his mother, and prepared to shoot him before her eyes.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 21, 1807.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 46 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 8 women, 13 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cancer 1, consumption 9, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, infantile flux 1, fractured leg 1, hives 6, inflammation of the lungs 3, inflammation of the bowels 1, liver disease 1, locked jaw 1, old age 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 4, quinsy 1, sore throat 1, still born 2, sudden death 1, whooping-cough 1, and 1 of worms.

From a Boston paper, Feb. 20.—Last week, widow Margaret Swazey, in Salem, finished her hundredth year, and very lately she was one of the five then living, who were received into the 2d church in the town, in 1757. She employed the day in which she passed her hundredth year in weaving tape, a work which has employed her the better part of her life.

Murder.—A few evenings since, between the hours of 1 and 2, was apprehended in a common lodging house, in Carlisle, by Thomas

Spence, a messenger from Paisley, Mathew Smith accused of the murder of a female child, about three months old, in Paisley. The infant was the illegitimate offspring of a writer in Paisley. The father had given the mother of the child (Agnes Kelly) the sum of 3l. to assist in maintaining her offspring, which was consumed in drink, between her and Mathew Smith, with whom it appears she had some connection. Not knowing how to get a fresh supply, Smith strangled the innocent, and laid it beneath the root of an old tree in the garden, and sent for the apprentice of a Doctor in Paisley: it is strongly supposed with the view of selling the body for the purpose of dissection! When they had arrived at the spot, the child, having somewhat recovered, was crying. The monster Smith took it by the heels, and dashed its brains against the ground with all his force, five or six times; but the mould being soft, this experiment was not sufficient to terminate the existence of the poor little sufferer. The child still breathing, the doctor's apprentice tied a handkerchief, as tight as possible, around the stomach, to prevent the playing of the lungs. Notwithstanding these various devices, life was not totally extinct. In order to complete their hellish intent, Smith held the child's head in a bucket of water, which terminated its sufferings. The child was then put in a rag cellar, and was discovered shortly after by the nauseous smell, with one of the feet and part of the leg cut away by rats. Such complicated barbarity could not escape the all-seeing yet by a just Providence. The very means which were used for the accomplishment of this "most strange, and most unnatural" murder, were the means of its discovery. The handkerchief which was tied around the infant's body, belonged to the master of the apprentice, and was stamped with his name, accordingly he was suspected: he owned the handkerchief, but denied any knowledge of the transaction. The apprentice then confessed, and turned evidence for the Crown; whereupon messengers were dispatched in every direction, and, by the indefatigable activity of Spence, Smith was discovered as above related. He was next morning sent off to take his trial. *London paper.*

SCHEME OF LOTTERY, NO. 1.

For Improving certain Great Roads in this State.

1	Prize of 25,000	dollars, is	25,000
2	10,000	is	20,000
2	5,000	is	10,000
2	2,000	is	4,000
6	1,000	is	6,000
10	500	is	5,000
40	200	is	8,000
100	100	is	10,000
150	50	is	7,500
400	20	is	8,000
9,450	10	is	94,500

10163 Prizes,
22837 Blanks.

\$3,000 Tickets, at 6 dollars, 198,000

The 1st drawn number 1st day, whether blank or

prize,	do	5th	5000
1st	do	10th	1000
1st	do	15th	1000
1st	do	20th	1000
1st	do	25th	5000
1st	do	30th	1000
1st	do	35th	10,000
1st	do	40th	1000
1st	do	50th	500

The second drawn Ticket on the first forty days, 300 dollars.

The drawing of the above Lottery will commence on the second Tuesday in June next.

Tickets in the above Lottery for sale at M Harrison's Book-Store and Printing-Office, No 3, Peck-Slip. *New-York, 1807.*

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John Moorehouse, to Miss Maria Ann Cornwell, daughter of Mr. Stephen Cornwell, deceased, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. Richard Duncom, to Miss Margaret Radcliff, of Albany.

On the 10th October last, by the Rev. Dr. Willetson, Mr. John F. King, to Miss Maria C. Duryec, daughter of Mr. Charles Duryec, all of this city.

At Middlesex, New-Jersey, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Fountain, William Insley, Esq. to Miss Lydia Combs, daughter of James Combs, Esq.

At Philadelphia, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Jacob Ritter, jun. to Miss Susan Bradford, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradford, Editor of 'The True American'

In Stroud, England, Mr. Samuel Holder, aged 70, to Mrs. Wildy, aged 26. The old gentleman, having lost both his legs many years since, was conveyed to and from the church on the shoulder of a friend, who was occasionally relieved by the willing efforts of the affectionate and blooming bride.

DIED,

Mr. James Muir, aged 27.

Mr. Thomas Pearsall, in the 72d year of his age.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. Maitland, aged 28 years, daughter of the late William Seton, Esq.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Jane Brasher, widow of Mr. Gashem Brasher, in the 32d year of her age.

At Bergen, on the 27th ult. Mr. William Needham, aged 71.

At sterling, Mrs. Sally Keyes, wife of Mr. Asa Keyes, aged 40.

SCHOOL.

Mrs. HEARNE, returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the Tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her Seminary on the first of May next, from No 35, to No. 187 Bowery-Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary—having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct Youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery & the various branches of Needle Work, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the Morals, Manners, & Education of her Pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of Public Patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young Ladies to board & educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.

March 7, 1807

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 st.

J. GREENWOOD,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has returned from Paris, with great improvements in the line of his profession, and attends to his business as usual at No. 88 Beekman-Street.

March 7.

942—4w

FILES,

OF THE 'NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,'

from 1800 to 1807.

Neatly bound; for sale at this Office.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete.—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

DURABLE INK,

For writing on linen with a pen, which nothing will discharge without destroying the linen.—For sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

From The Port Folio.

THE MISANTHROPE.

A FRAGMENT.

Where wild Wautaugaangry's waves
Thro' wilder mountains roar,
Where hungry wolves, from lurid caves,
Their frightful howlings pour,

Where eagles fix their airy seats,
Above the lonely stream,
Where Panthe's find secure retreats,
And luckless ravens scream,

There will I dwell—with friendly bears,
I'll fix my social den,
And bid adieu to all the cares
Of faithless, savage men!

If passing clouds with fury driv'n
Break on the mountain side,
And all the hail and rain in heav'n,
Come down to swell the tide,

If howling blasts sweep thro' the caves,
And mountain torrents roar,
And old Wautauga's foaming waves
Beat on the solid shore;

If lightning flash, and thunders roll,
And awful meteors play,
Secure from man my tranquil soul
Will bless the peaceful day.

Tho' central fires from sulph'rous beds,
With direful shocks explode,
Secure from man, no minor dread
Shall visit mine abode!

No seeming friend's insidious wiles
Can e'er assail me there;
Nor will I dread the poisonous smiles
Of the seductive fair!

Nor bloated Wealth, with shallow brain,
And silly pompous stride,
Shall vex my wounded soul again,
Or wake my dormant pride.

EPICRAM.

Wax quacks, as quacks may, by good luck, to be
sure,

Blunder out at haphazard a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient and doctor are amply display'd:
All this is quite just, and no mortal can claim it,
If they save a man's life, they're a right to proclaim
it;

But there's reason to think they might save more lives
still,

Did they publish a list of the number they kill.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer,
No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York,
Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable col-
ours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned,
dyed, and glazed without having them ripped—All
kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as
possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-
hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gettle-
men's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed
black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Conti-
nent & wishing to favour him with their orders, shall be
punctually attended to and returned by such convey-
ance that is most convenient.

December 6.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS.

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers
137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by
the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an ex-
tensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the
following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns
with legs and lamp.
Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers,
in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.
Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with
silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguish-
ers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, &c.

Wine-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged
oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Oblong rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leaf-
age, and a variety of other articles of the best plate,
silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham
tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream
ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c. &c. elegant
patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set brooches, pins ear-rings, finger-
rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of
gold ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imi-
tation pearls, topaz, emerald, amethysts and cornelian,
very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs,
gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses,
spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watches—
silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth
powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to
1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture
and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of
every description, wholesale and retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of
watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWRIS, begs leave to inform his friends
and the public in general that he has opened a store
at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the
sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he
makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes;
viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarro's, and Cor-
devan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both
for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be
supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which
he will make to any particular direction or pattern.
He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode
to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed
with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as
can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

229—4m

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Whole
sale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Mil-
lenary business

November

226—1f

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE

NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or
namented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, La-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds.



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to any
other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chopp-
ing, with an agreeable perfume,
4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness,
cleans and prevents the skin from
chopping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12
bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per
pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifoe Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almost
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glas-
sing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pan-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.
Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold-
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 2, 1807

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BECKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Per-
lour, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description,
wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at
the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any
size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thank-
fully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on
hand.

Old Blinds repaired and painted

December 13.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS, at
this Office.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 1 PECK-SLIP.

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